

## BRYAN WILL SPEAK IN NEWARK WEDNESDAY MORNING AT 7:45 O'CLOCK AT B. & O. DEPOT

### SITUATION IN MICHIGAN IS IMPROVING

Refugees are in a Pitiable  
State, Hundreds Being  
Homeless

### STORIES OF SUFFERING

Prompt Measures of Relief are  
Necessary and Food and  
Clothing is Being Sent.

Detroit, Oct. 19.—Governor Warner  
has issued a proclamation calling on  
the people of Michigan for aid for the  
fire sufferers in the north.

Mass meetings will be held in the  
larger cities today and supplies rushed  
into the stricken country by special  
trains which railroad companies are  
furnishing free.

The total number of dead is approx-  
imately 50 and there are about 4,000  
homeless. Today's reports from the  
fire district says that the devastation  
is practically over. Shifting  
winds have turned the flames and they  
are burning themselves out in the  
territory which has already been  
burned over. Conservative estimates  
place the financial loss at two mil-  
lion dollars.

At Metz Sunday a number of the  
victims of the fatal relief train were  
buried in the church yard of the de-  
stroyed German Lutheran church. The  
fires around Alpena are dying down  
and all danger is passed unless a west  
wind should drive the flames back to-  
ward the city.

Alpena, Mich., Oct. 19.—Reports  
today from the flames-swept coun-  
ties in this section of the state in-  
dicate improvement in the fire situa-  
tion. But the necessity for immedi-  
ate substantial relief for the refugees  
is hourly becoming greater. The  
cold weather will cause great suffering  
among the homeless, burned-out  
refugees.

Camped in the open fields or huddled  
together in the few buildings and  
shacks left in the little commu-  
nities which have been swept by the  
fires are hundreds of men, women  
and children who are in abject need  
of the absolute necessities of life.  
Many of them were driven from their  
homes in the night, only partly clad.  
Not only the stores and houses have  
been destroyed, but the crops are  
also gone and the unfortunates must  
look to the outside for food as well  
as shelter.

The relief problem is occupying  
the active attention of this city and  
all of the communities in this sec-  
tion of the state which escaped the  
fires. Three cars of food and two of  
building materials were shipped to  
the Presque Isle county sufferers  
from here Sunday afternoon.

From the burned district there are  
now coming some of the stories of  
suffering and dangers endured by  
those who survived the flames.

Miss Cassie Howland had 26 little  
children in her school near Millers-  
burg Friday afternoon. At the after-  
noon recess the air was smoky. Half  
an hour later the woods about the  
little school house were blazing  
fiercely. The children started for  
their homes, but were compelled to  
go to a neighboring house for shel-  
ter.

Miss Howland says she could hardly  
face the wind during the walk of  
a quarter of a mile to her own home.  
After she reached it the heat grew so  
intense that the women were com-  
pelled to seek shelter in the cellar  
while the men fought to save the  
house.

"Then," says Miss Howland, "refugees  
who had escaped with their lives  
by lying in the plowed fields with  
their faces in the sand, began to ar-  
rive. They kept coming in all  
through the night, all more or less  
burned in their flight through the  
woods."

A boy by the name of Dust, one of  
(Continued on Page 5, Col. 5.)

### HE FOUND THE LEAK.

Zanesville, Oct. 19.—During  
the evening service in the Sec-  
ond M. E. church at New Con-  
cord last evening, the lights  
went out. Earl Coleman, the  
19-year-old son of Rev. and  
Mrs. J. C. Coleman, went into  
the cellar to find the trouble.  
The church is lighted with  
acetylene gas lamps, the gas  
being generated in a tank in  
the cellar. Coleman struck a  
match, causing an explosion.  
Part of the tank struck him in  
the head, fracturing the skull  
in several places.  
He was brought to a hospital  
in this city. At a late hour he  
was still unconscious, and the  
doctors say he cannot recover.

### TROUBLE AT DELAWARE.

Delaware, Oct. 19.—In an  
attempt to tear up a portion of  
the Columbus, Delaware and  
Marion company's track in or-  
der to expedite street paving  
here early Sunday morning,  
was frustrated by a restraining  
order issued by Judge Wick-  
ham. Several hundred feet of  
track were torn up when the  
sheriff served the papers on  
Contractor William McHugh of  
Springfield.  
He refused to stop work and  
with his brother and several  
workmen, was placed under ar-  
rest.  
The men put up a stubborn  
fight and the sheriff, a deputy  
and police captain were requir-  
ed to arrest them.

### FATALITIES

Caused by Trolley and Steam Rail-  
way Wrecks in Kansas City  
Today.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 19.—One  
trainman was killed and 22 passen-  
gers injured today when a Santa Fe  
passenger train collided with a  
freight near Braddock, Kansas. The  
passenger train was west bound from  
Chicago. The engineer of the pas-  
senger train was killed.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 19.—Re-  
fusing to obey the brakes and dash-  
ing down hill against an approaching  
car, a trolley car on the Troost av-  
enue line today caused the wreck of  
three cars, in which one man was  
killed and 24 persons injured.

### MRS. PETER HAINS

Denied Alimony and Custody of Her  
Children by Supreme Court  
Justice Carr.

New York, Oct. 19.—Justice Carr of  
the Supreme court has denied a mo-  
tion for alimony and counsel fees in  
the suit of Claudia Hains against  
Peter C. Hains, on the ground that  
the plaintiff's salary as an officer has  
been stopped that his personal means  
are small and that he is incarcerated  
in prison. His honor denies Mrs.  
Hains' motion for custody of the  
children on the ground that they are  
with their paternal grandfather out  
of the state.

## HON. WM. J. BRYAN WILL SPEAK HERE WEDNESDAY

Train Will Arrive at 7:45 O'clock A. M. and Will  
Remain 30 Minutes—No Reception, Hand-  
shaking or Boarding of Train.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

The people of Licking county gen-  
erally, irrespective of party, will be  
pleased to hear that the Hon. Wm. J.  
Bryan will speak in this city before  
election day.

George W. Horton, chairman of the  
Democratic county executive commit-

tee, has been notified by the state  
committee that the great Commoner  
will speak in Newark next Wednes-  
day morning at 7:45 o'clock, from  
the rear of his car.

There will be no introduction, no  
reception committee and no one will  
be permitted to board the car.

### BULGARIA AND TURKEY HOLD A CONFERENCE

King Ferdinand Receives  
Special Commission  
Sent by Sultan

### TO EFFECT SETTLEMENT

Russia Sends Battleships to Keep  
Eye on the Situation in the  
Near East Countries.

Sofia, Oct. 19.—King Ferdinand of  
Bulgaria today received the members  
of a special commission sent from  
Turkey to investigate, if possible, a  
settlement of the Turko-Bulgarian  
troubles. While on the surface the  
meeting is proceeding along pacifica-  
tory lines, little hope is entertained  
here that the negotiations will suc-  
ceed. Bulgaria has practically  
been forced to submit to these negotia-  
tions by other powers. Bulgaria is  
making a show of engaging in the  
conference in good faith. Her real  
purpose is to assume friendliness in  
order to catch Turkey off her guard  
and when the opportune moment ar-  
rives strike against Turkey.

Cronstadt, Oct. 19.—The Russian  
battleship Czarevitch and Slava, and  
the cruiser Bogatir, sailed today for  
Turkish waters to watch developments  
between Turkey and Bulgaria. The  
exact destination of the fleet was not  
announced.

### COURT DECIDES BILLEK MUST DIE

Washington, Oct. 19.—Herman Bil-  
lek, the Chicago murderer must die.  
He lost his appeal in the supreme  
court today from the decision from  
Judge Landis denying him a writ of  
habeas corpus. The supreme court  
decided it had no jurisdiction.

### BRYAN IN THE LEAD.

Springfield, O., Oct. 19.—A straw  
vote taken here in six local factor es.  
at the Trades and Labor assembly,  
and a general canvass, showed Bry-  
an 265, Taft 219, Harmon 275, Har-  
ris 158.

### GREAT CROWD HEARS BRYAN

East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 19.—W. J.  
Bryan, accompanied by Mrs. Bryan,  
today began a tour of Illinois which  
will wind up with a big mass meeting  
in Chicago tonight. Over 8,000 people  
heard Bryan speak here.

### JILTED LOVER ATTEMPTS MURDER

East Liverpool, O., Oct. 19.—James  
White, 23, a potter worker, shot and  
slightly injured Margaret Lisk, 19, as  
she was going to work at the Harker  
pottery today and then killed himself  
in the street. The girl had refused  
his attentions.

### COMPLETES THE WORLD'S TOUR

Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 19.—The  
battleship Maine, the first of the At-  
lantic fleet to complete the tour  
around the world, docked at the  
Portsmouth navy yard this morning.

### NEW NEWARK CHURCH



Here is a view of the proposed new First Presbyterian church.  
Architect Vernon Redding has completed the plans and specifications  
for the new edifice, but the work of construction will probably be  
delayed until spring. Up to date, \$23,000 have been subscribed by  
members of the church, but the building committee decided to defer  
the work of construction until the sum of \$25,000 was raised. The  
church is to be built of brick and to occupy the site of the old  
church, on North Third street.

### SHERMAN'S RECORD IN CONGRESS WAS AGAINST RAILWAY MEN

Beaver Falls, Pa., Oct. 19.—H. R.  
Fuller, national legislative repre-  
sentative of the Brotherhood of Lo-  
comotive Engineers, has given for pub-  
lication a letter addressed to C. A.  
Beattie, a member of the Brother-  
hood of Railroad Trainmen, at East  
Syracuse, N. Y., in which he gives  
the record of Congressman James  
S. Sherman, now Republican candi-  
date for vice president, with regard  
to matters in which the railway men  
are interested.

Quoting Congressional Records,  
Mr. Fuller shows that Mr. Sherman  
failed to vote for the safety appliance  
bill, and that he did not vote when  
the question of leaving the Depart-  
ment of Labor Independent. Mr.  
Fuller adds:

"During the first session of the  
Fifty-ninth Congress on motion to  
suspend the operation of the eight-  
hour law as to alien labor employed  
in the construction of the Panama  
Canal, he did not vote.

"During the first session of the  
Fifty-ninth Congress, after it was  
well known that the House Com-

tee on the Judiciary had smothered  
all labor's anti-injunction bills and  
there was no hope of securing any  
legislation on this subject unless we  
could get a caucus of the Republican  
members of the House to take favor-  
able action on the matter, on May  
16, 1906, I wrote Mr. Sherman a  
letter explaining the situation, and  
asked him if he would be willing to  
sign a petition for an early call for a  
Republican caucus for the purpose of  
considering the subject, and he made  
no reply to this letter.

"As a member of the Conference  
Committee on the railroad rate bill  
in the Fifty-ninth Congress, Mr.  
Sherman favored and agreed to an  
amendment which prohibited railroad  
companies from issuing free passes to  
railroad employees or their families,  
and which also subjected a railroad  
employee who solicited or accepted a  
free pass for either himself or a  
member of his family to a fine of  
\$1,000.

"On the passage of our employers'  
liability bill during the last session of  
Congress, he did not vote."

with speeches here, at Elizabeth,  
Rahway, New Brunswick, Trenton  
and Wilmington, and will speak at  
Baltimore tonight.

### WILL MAKE HER DEBUT

MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT WILL  
BE PRESENTED TO WASH-  
INGTON SOCIETY.

Affair Will Occur at Yuletide Ball  
To Be Given at White House,  
Followed by Other Fetes.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Miss Ethel  
Roosevelt, daughter of the president,  
will make her first formal bow to  
society at a ball to be given in the  
White House Christmas week.

It was announced at the White  
House that Mrs. Roosevelt will give  
a small dance Monday evening, Dec.  
28, for Miss Roosevelt. The an-  
nouncement does not contain the in-  
formation that this is to be the de-  
but of the president's daughter, but  
as no date has heretofore been set  
for that event, society is accepting  
Dec. 28 as the time.

The dance will be given in the East  
Room and the Marine Band Orches-  
tra will furnish the music. This will  
be the first formal event the Presi-  
dent and Mrs. Roosevelt have ever  
given for the younger daughter of  
the family, although Miss Roosevelt  
has been conspicuous in social affairs  
at the White House several years.

The dance will be followed by a  
series of smart affairs, dinners, oth-  
er dances, luncheons and everything  
else of the kind that goes to make a  
debutante's first season happy.

JUDGE TAFT IN JERSEY.  
Newark, N. J., Oct. 19.—Judge  
Taft opened his eastern campaign

### ATTEMPT ON LIFE OF PRIEST

Pastor Knocks Away  
Revolver and Bullet  
Grazes Head

### KNOCKS DOWN ASSAILANT

Chicago Police Believe That Con-  
spiracy Exists to Kill Priests  
All Over the City.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—An attempt to as-  
sassinate Rev. J. M. Fielding, pastor  
of the Corpus Christi, Roman Catho-  
lic church, was made Sunday after-  
noon. After twice shooting at the  
priest in the Sunday school hallway  
of the church, the would-be assassin  
knocked down scores of children  
standing in his way, ran into the street  
and escaped. The shooting and wild  
excitement in one of Chicago's fash-  
ionable residence districts.

It was in the middle of the after-  
noon that the culprit attracted atten-  
tion. He had been seen loitering in  
and about the church for some time.  
He was observed writing upon a sheet  
of paper which he held against the  
building. Folding the paper, he  
placed it in his pocket, and his ac-  
tions then became suspicious. The po-  
lice believe that the writing was an ex-  
planation of his intended act and his  
identity, which was to be found upon  
his body in the event of his commit-  
ting suicide after killing the priest.

Aroused by the man's actions, Father  
Fielding approached him, saying:  
"What are you doing here?"  
"I'm praying," replied the stranger.  
As the priest turned his back, the  
stranger stepped into the hallway and  
drew a revolver and pressed it against  
his intended victim. Father Fielding  
immediately fled. He knocked  
the weapon away just in time to es-  
cape a bullet, which grazed his head  
and clipped a lock of hair from his  
temple.

At the same time the priest knocked  
the culprit down by a blow on the  
face. Hurriedly scrambling to his  
feet, the man continued down the hall-  
way, pushing and trampling over the  
children. At the bottom of the stair-  
way he turned and fired another in-  
effective shot at the priest, and then,  
still brandishing the revolver, ran in-  
to the street.

A dozen children, accompanied by  
Father Fielding, ran in pursuit and  
were joined by a crowd of enraged  
citizens, but the man escaped.

The man is described as being  
about 30 years old, roughly dressed,  
and was evidently either a Greek or an  
Italian.

Information was obtained by the  
police late last night, which led  
them to believe that the would-be as-  
sassin was the same man who for sev-  
eral days had been loitering suspicious-  
ly about the Church of the Holy  
Angels and about St. Xavier's ac-  
ademy, both of which are located in  
the same side of the city as Corpus  
Christi church.

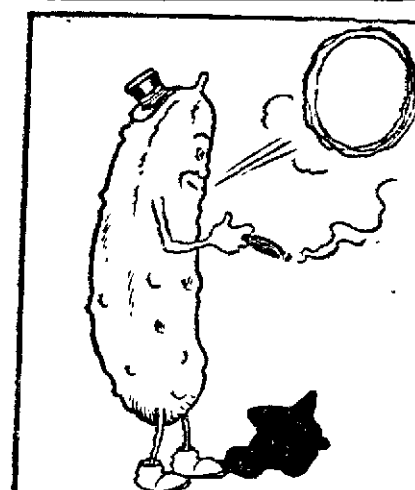
Under the conviction that one or  
more men had entered into a conspir-  
acy to kill not only Father Fielding  
but other priests as well, the police  
have placed extra watch over these  
places.

### CHAUTAUQUA

At Dunkirk, N. Y., Suffers Heavy  
Fire Loss—Number of Stores  
and Shops Destroyed.

Dunkirk, N. Y., Oct. 19.—The main  
business block of the Chautauqua as-  
sembly, known as the Colonade, was  
burned, with the entire contents, in-  
cluding postoffice, Chautauqua in-  
stitution, printing plant and nine  
stores and shops, this morning. The  
loss is \$150,000.

### WHAT IS IT?



What musical instrument?  
Answer to Saturday's puzzle—  
Lully.



# A DAY OUT OF TOWN

By Walter Prichard Eaton.

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HOLLISTER'S "spiritual adventure" began some time between two o'clock and morning of a hot June night. Hollister had retired at two, after a vain attempt to rewrite a story which had just come back to him from yet another magazine. Working half the night for a newspaper and rising after insufficient sleep to toil at stories, poems, essays, plays, week in and week out, is not a healthful mode of life for a sensitive, high-strung young man who was brought up to open air and exercise; especially when the stories, poems, plays are systematically rejected and a faltering faith in oneself has to be lashed constantly. In Hollister the symptoms had been growing recently, till even he, prodigal of his youth was beginning to be alarmed—sleeplessness, a constant twitching of the muscles, worst of all, a pessimism that would not be shaken off. He lay in bed on this particular night filled with unutterable gloom about his own powers, his own future, and tried to keep the tired fingers of his right hand from twitching. The bedroom was insufferably hot. Outside wagons rattled past, flat-wheeled cars on the avenue a block away sent jarring echoes down the side street, distant ferryboat whistles tooted without surcease. He could not seal his ears to these noises. They vexed, then maddened him. After one wagon had rattled past and the echoes died, he waited, every nerve in his body quivering, till the next one came. He was almost in hysterical tears when an auto horn honked under his window. Hollister gave a cry like a snarl, and found himself out of bed on his feet.

He dressed and went out. How long he tramped he did not know. Presently he was crossing Madison square and there was a strong hint of dawn in the east. In the middle of Fifth Avenue the Flatiron Building arrested his attention. Never had it seemed so like a great, proud snip, towing lower Broadway northward, as in this strange half light, when its western side was in heavy shadow and its eastern flushed with morning. Hollister stood spellbound by its beauty. Tired and nerve-racked as he was, perhaps, as he watched the thing seemed to stir and move; the great towering prow to lift into the air as on a mighty wave and to be poised for a plunge directly at him, a pygmy in its path. At the same instant an auto horn honked a sudden, sharp, unexpected warning behind him. With a cry of terror Hollister sprang across the asphalt, across Broadway, falling up against a pillar of the Hoffman House.

He leaned there a moment panting and trying to steady his shaking nerves before he observed that he was not alone. Shrinking into the shadow behind the column was a woman. There was no reason why he should speak, why he should not move away. But, from some impulse, he said, "I'm not crazy, please." Then he was angry for having spoken.

The woman moved out a little into the light, and they regarded each other. She was young and well dressed, in the prevailing fashion of the Rialto. But there was paint on her cheeks, a ghastly pink now in the dawn light, and her eyes looked heavy, tired, and full of trouble.

"I thought at first somebody was chasing you," she said. "But I didn't see anybody."

"It was only the Flatiron Building," said Hollister with a laugh. "That puzzles you? Just a case of nerves. It looked so like a ship that I got an illusion it was coming at me. But I wouldn't have jumped so if an auto hadn't tooted behind me—curse the things!"

"It does look like a ship. I've noticed that," said the girl, glancing toward the building.

Somehow her presence was a kind of comfort, and Hollister still made no move to go, regarding her curiously. The girl met his look with a half-frightened timidity that contrasted oddly with her paint and the place.

"I'm not what you think I am," she blurted out suddenly.

"I was already quite sure that you are not what you think I think you are," he answered kindly. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Help me?" she laughed grimly. "No. I was merely making up my mind. Nobody can help you do that."

"Ah, but they can," said he. "Perhaps even I could."

"Why should you want to?" she asked.

Hollister paused. "I don't know, exactly," he said slowly. "It's hard to put it into words. But somehow I've a feeling that both of us have been ground out beneath the gigantic millstones of this town and have fallen into the sack side by side. Life does throw strangers together that way and makes them friends for the time. Last night I was down miles deep in the blues and my nerves are a frazzle. Something's wrong with you. Here we are. Isn't that enough?"

The girl looked at him a long moment, and made her decision. "Come over and sit on a park bench," she said.

They watched the rhythmic spasms of the fountain for a time in silence. "Did you ever want to drown yourself?" the girl asked suddenly.

"Once," said Hollister.

"Why?"

"Because I had made up my mind to go back on an ideal—no matter what it was."

"Ah, but you didn't. One doesn't—one goes back on the ideal instead. Did you?"

"Yes," he nodded. "And after that I learned that the only way to live things down, I've almost forgotten now."

He waited, but the girl did not speak again for a long time. Finally she said, "What if you had had to go back on one ideal to reach another?"

were," he answered, and waited again.

Morning was full upon them by now and the streets were filling up with early traffic. The girl put her hand to her head. "Oh, I can't; I'm too tired!" she said. "If I could only get out of this town awhile! How can one think here?"

"Come," he replied. "We will get out of town for a while, for a whole day. Come."

The girl let herself be led to a ferry. They were like two strangers emerging from the flank of a mighty army, who knew not what the battle meant but knew they were wounded and sore and tired. Presently the man raised his fist and shook it at the mortared mountains, gliding past. "Curse you," he said, "I'll get the best of you yet!"

Amen," said the girl.

When they entered the Pennsylvania station she caught sight of her face in the mirror of a gum



"DID YOU EVER WANT TO DROWN YOURSELF?" THE GIRL ASKED SUDDENLY.

machine, and fled to wash it. "I forgot the paint," she said. "I didn't even stop last night to get the make-up off. Why didn't you tell me? Or did you think—"

"I'm not going to think," he interrupted gently. "Presently you'll tell me."

The express roared in their ears for the next hour, while something like a drowsy half slumber came to them both, the slumber of exhaustion. They alighted at Princeton Junction and the express rolled on, leaving a great sense of silence behind, of silence and the sweet smell of the country. The girl threw back her head and drew a great, deep breath. The little branch train they boarded seemed to belong to another, a slower and milder order of things to be taking them into another world. And when they alighted from it at Princeton station the beautiful stately gate tower was opening its portal to them, while from the quiet spaces beyond floated the boom of a bell. The girl's eyes swept the sweet low line of dormitories that flank the gate, and returned to rest on that perfect tower itself, that no doubt on lower Broadway would look like a subway entrance. "It is so beautiful," she said. "Can it be real?"

For answer Hollister led her up the steps into the campus. Princeton was not his college. Possibly had it been he would not have returned to it now, and certainly his mood would have been otherwise, a mood of wistful sadness and regret. But, plagued with no memories, the academic seclusion of the campus, its low, scholastic Gothic, the colonial charm of old Nassau, the elm-shaded walks, were like music to him, and he moved along almost oblivious for the time of the girl at his side. But the unbroken leaves, pulling out of the dormitories to lectures and recitations, were not oblivious. They glanced at her with frank curiosity and the admiration of youth for a pretty face, and then at the chaste, pale young man beside her who was so obviously of their kind as she was of another world. Hollister looked at her, too. She certainly was too sheer and her face too young. There was a strange incongruity between this evident child of the Broadway bums and the scholastic peace of the college campus. She knew so much of life and so little of books! And yet, as she stood in the flowered court of the library, in mere physical appeal a great rose flower growing there, the brown backs of ancient Virgils, the priceless collection of a scholar, looked out at her, and the grubbiness of forgotten grammarians might be seen embossed in leather, through the open windows. But there was a great trouble in her face, some plague of the ideal was upon her, too. How many of those dead writers whose books were all round had grown gray in search of an ideal, the magic epithet or the

secret of creation or just the lost digamma! Somehow, as they stood in that quiet inclosure, framing its green picture under the arch at either end, Hollister's lost hold on his own ideals began to come back to him. And then he wondered what thoughts were passing through the mind of the girl beside him, for her face was growing more troubled.

It's not fair, it's not fair, it's not fair," she suddenly exclaimed, flinging out her hands, "that some folks should live in so much beauty! All those books in there—the boys go in and read them and smell the shrubs and look out on this perfect court and dream themselves into any mood. But I, who am trying to create moods, too, have to do it in surroundings that are awful. I want to succeed, I want to succeed. I want to be an artist, too! I wish I were dead!"

"Come," said Hollister, "we will go up the canal, far up into the country. Things will look different there." He was beginning dimly to divine her story. The girl, for whom canoeing was evidently a new sport, climbed gingerly down upon the cushions. Hollister threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves over arms so white that he felt ashamed, dipped his paddle in asters, and the boat moved up the canal in the still summer sun. Neither of them spoke. With the feel of a paddle in his wrists, the sun on his back, the outdoors all around him, the man was too full of the renewed joy of physical existence. With every dig of his blade into the water, with every answering life and spurt of the boat, he felt as if new blood were pumping through him. The girl lay back on the cushions, half in exhaustion, half in delicious languor, an abandonment to repose, and watched the green banks slip through half-closed lids.

"Low Bridge!" cried Hollister presently. As they ducked and shot under the cool shadow where the dusty sunbeams filtered through the cracks above, their eyes met. He smiled at her reassuringly, and, leaning forward, touched her hand. "We're getting farther and farther away from it," he said.

The canal ran placidly on for a mile or two, widening above Mr. Carnegie's foolish lake. The day was windless, the water still as a mirror. Birds sang in the trees on the bank; through the trees on the distant hill the towers of Princeton began to emerge. Once or twice they lay up against the embankment while a slow canal boat was towed past. Each time when the wash of the boat had gone down, they moved on again, but ever more slowly, for the lazy peace of the canal was working upon them.

"Canals have always had a strange fascination for me," said Hollister, once. "When I was a very little chap the train from our town ran along beside one, and I used to wonder where all the barges came from and where they went, just as George Moore says he used to do. There is a mystery about a canal—about this canal for instance. Where does it begin, where does it end? Who dug it in the long ago? It seems ages old, a part of nature, of the landscape. And like all canals, though it leads from somewhere to somewhere else, yet the water does not flow. It is still and quiet, like a secret."

"It is the most utterly peaceful thing I have ever known; it is a rest cure," said the girl, and shut her eyes.

By and by they passed the end of Mr Carnegie's foolish lake and drew near a little town. The noon hush was on the world. Their boat glided along the depths of the sky, so still the water was. All sounds had ceased, save the barking of a distant dog and the happy cry of a child. Before them a white rock barred their way. To the left the lock-keeper's cottage, bright with new whitewash and gay with a red geranium in a pot beside the door, looked down at its reflection in the black water. Just at that moment there was not a soul in sight, and from the steeple, thin and faint, drifted down the sound of a bell, tolling twelve.



"IT'S THE MOST UTTERLY PEACEFUL THING I'VE EVER KNOWN," SAID THE GIRL.

"Lullaby!" cried Hollister, shooting the canoe in under the shade of the willow.

"I believe I'm hungry," said the girl, with something like gaiety in her tone.

Up in the tiny village they found a store where peanut butter and crackers were sold, and even a bunch of bananas hung in the window, amidst whips, bayonets, samples of calico, and a sleepy swarm of flies. With their provisions they return-

ed to the canoe. Presently Hollister tossed overboard the empty cracker box, weighted with a stone, because, he said, it would be a crime to violate the tidiness of this picture-book water way; and looked an interrogation at the girl.

She smiled back at him. "You saw the box go down?" she said. "Well, my last doubt went with it. I've decided. You needn't worry about me any more, kind gentleman."

"So the ideal is saved?" he cried. "Good!" "It is curious," she mused, "how much plainer some things are only fifty miles from town. I can't put it into words; but I didn't really make the choice myself at all. It was made for me while we were floating up here in this still little boat, with you sitting in the stern, so—so different, like the boys we saw there in the college grounds. It's as if a different order of life from mine had just come and grabbed hold of me, kind but strong, and made me do its way."

"No," said the man, "that's not it. You had the different order deep in you somewhere, and this life to-day has just called to it—that's all."

"Yes, I suppose I have," she said, half to herself. "I wonder if really that isn't the part of me through which the big things will come—oh, I am sure it is!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

The girl grew red. Then suddenly she put her blushes aside, and said calmly: "You have been my very good friend. I'll tell you everything. I was born in a little city on the one-night circuit, and had to quit school when I was fifteen, to work in a store. I was always ambitious and always crazy about the stage. But my folks weren't only poor, they didn't know enough about things to send me to be trained, even if they could have afforded it. Life in the store was worse than drudgery—it was hell. I acted at socials and dramatic clubs whenever I could, and one day when I was eighteen I went to the manager of a musical comedy that came to town and asked him for a job. He said he needed broilers, and he took me. Most of the fresh girls—I mean literally—in musical shows are picked up like I was round through the country. I told my parents, and they said I couldn't go. So I ran away. For the rest of the season we did one nights, and I learned what theatrical life is. All my dreams of ease and luxury vanished, and the things I saw going on in the company sickened me. But a girl who's worked in a department store, even a small one, knows how to take care of herself if she wants to, and I wasn't molested much."

"But I didn't want the musical line; I wanted to act. When we got in the following June I began, the horrid humiliating trot around from one office to another, waiting, begging, suffering all kinds of insults. Finally a man who wanted somebody for a tiny soubrette role in a cheap stock company took me, and shipped me up to a New England city. There I lived on next to nothing a week, played every afternoon and evening, and rehearsed every morning. But I got a chance to act, and, as I made good, they gave me pretty good parts finally. I learned a lot, too, from our leading woman, who was kind and helpful. She'd be on the three-sheets along Broadway if it wasn't for the booze, poor thing."

"Then I came back to the Alley, and did the round of the offices again, and was again insulted—insulted you know, in the worst way a woman can be. I began to wonder if that was the price all of them paid for their parts. And then I began to wonder another thing. I suppose other girls have wondered it before me. God help them! I began to wonder, not so much if it was wrong, but if, right or wrong, it wasn't the way to learn a thousand shades of the emotions we actresses are called on to express, and which I, for one, felt myself so ignorant of expressing. I was ambitious, terribly ambitious—you believe that, don't you?"

"Of course," said Hollister gravely.

"Well, it wasn't the promise of better parts for the mere sake of the name, or greater comfort; it was just this ambition to learn, to get ahead, this

came in the other day—we're filling in a week down at the Grand now. Last night the manager offered me the second lead next season at—at his price. That's what I was debating when I met you."

The girl looked Hollister in the eyes for a moment as she finished, desperately trying to read there if he understood and believed. She saw his



SHE PUT HER HAND IN HIS AND THEN VANISHED.

kind, strong sympathy. Then she suddenly broke into sobs, and buried her burning face in her hands.

He was silent for a time. It seemed best. Then, he spoke.

"I've noticed," he said, "that most of the plays and books which preach the doctrine you speak of preach it as a justification of wrong already committed, as a sort of consolation, not as advice to those who haven't stepped out of the path. That's what makes them, when you come to reflect on the matter, so pitifully weak as philosophy or ethics. It isn't sin, it's sympathy that gives you power to act emotions, or me power to write them—for I, too, am trying to be an artist, and I haven't got as far as a speaking part yet, either! You spoke of to-day's way of life, this country way, this high-bred, college way—well, don't you see that this way has, after all, produced more and greater artists than the other way ever did? And don't you see it gives you something the other can never give? I mean peace and security and the knowledge that you are not a coward, that you have never gone back on an ideal? Sympathy and imagination can teach you to portray any emotion. And they grow best, believe me, in the life you've chosen. You'll get the second lead soon enough, cheer up! The world—even the stage world—isn't so dark as it looks on a hot night in New York."

The girl raised her face to his and put out her hand. "You're right; I know you're right. Every bit of me is telling me so now," she said. "Tomorrow I'll begin snooping for a part in a different company."

"You must let me help you," said Hollister. "I've some friends in the business, even if they don't like my plays. Besides I'm on a newspaper and that helps a whole lot."

"Some day, you know?" she laughed, "I'll star in one of your dramas!"

"Shake on it!" he cried.

And then he faced the canoe toward Princeton, and, chatting gayly, like two new born into a world of joy and sunshine, they slid between green banks up the canal.

The evening lights on lower Manhattan were twinkling, as of a myriad of cliff dwellings, against the twilight blue as the ferryboat bearing them back moved out of her slip. A cool, salt breeze came up the bay and touched like a caress their eyelids, heavy with healthy sleep, the sleep that comes from open air and exercise. The great, twinkling city, the tossing river, the evening sky, the gulls, the busy ferryboats darting to and fro like golden waterbugs, seemed beautiful to them, like a picture. After a hastily snatched supper Hollister left his companion at the stage entrance. "Nerve?" he said. "Why, I shall sleep like a log for ten mortal hours and wake up to work on our play!"

But the girl looked at him shyly. "I've a long way yet to go!" she said in a low tone.

"Nonsense," said he. "The good part will come before you know it."

"That isn't what I mean," she answered.

"But you've no doubts any more?"

"That isn't what I mean, either." She smiled a little wistfully as she met his eyes.

"Then what?"

She shook her head. "But it's worth it!" she said, as she put her hand in his again, and then vanished quickly into the dingy passage.

Hollister did sleep that night, the sleep of oblivion, even of oblivion to a private city editor. But before he went to bed he read the story he had last been working on.

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed as he finished. "Who invented the fallacy that the happy ending is illogical? Here's not an ideal but a delusion gone!"

And he tore the last sheets of his manuscript into fragments. It was not till later that he came to realize what her parting words had meant—which proves that he was a modern man











## Our Semi-Annual Sale of Carpets and Rugs NOW IN FULL BLAST

Aside from the advantageous prices effective in this sale of Floor Coverings, attention is directed to the general excellence and completeness of the assortments. Especially deserving is the showing of Room-Size Rugs.

\$25.00 and \$30.00 Wilton and  
and Fine Axminster Rugs, size 9x  
12 feet,  
**For \$19.75**

\$15.00 and \$16.50 Brussels  
Rugs, size 9x12 foot.  
**Sale Price \$12.50**

All-Wool Art Square, 9x9 and  
9x10-6 sizes. Regular prices \$6.75  
and \$7.75.  
**Sale Price \$4.95**

Best Wilton Carpets that al-  
ways sell for \$1.50 yard.  
**Sale Price \$1.25**

\$1.25 Wilton Velvet Carpets,  
an immense assortment; floral and  
Oriental design, with or without  
border, also hall and stair carpet  
to match.

**Sale Price 95c**  
Brussels Carpets, beautiful  
floral design, borders to match, also  
hall and stairs.

**50c yard.**

Best Lowell All-Wool Ingrain  
Carpet.

**65c yard**

Eighty per cent Wool Carpets,  
fine Ingrains, big assortment of  
designs.

**45c yard**

## Sale of Oriental Rugs

These are not our hand-made Oriental Rugs, as you might suppose, but Oriental Rugs made in France on modern looms, from purely vegetable dyed yarns. They have all the coloring and designs shown in the Oriental Rugs, and to all appearance answer all the requirements of the high priced Oriental hand-made rug.

\$45.00 Oriental Rugs, 8 ft. 3 in.  
by 11 ft. 6 in.

**Sale Price \$35.00**

\$25.00 Oriental Rugs, 6 ft. 7  
in. by 9 ft. 10 in.

**Sale Price \$19.50**

\$15.00 Oriental Rugs, 4 ft. 7  
in. by 6 ft. 7 in.

**Sale Price \$12.50**

\$7.50 Oriental Rugs, 3 ft. by  
5 ft. 3 in.

**Sale Price \$5.00**

**The Powers, Miller & Co.**  
NEWARK'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

## OHIO BAPTIST CONVENTION IS NOW IN SESSION

Great Preparations Made for Enter-  
tainment of Delegates — Over  
1,000 Visitors Expected.

Seven hundred delegates from all  
over Ohio arrived in Newark Mon-  
day to attend the eighty-third annual  
convention of the Ohio Baptists. It  
is expected that by the opening of the  
convention at the Fifth Street Baptist  
church this evening, fully 400  
of the 500 expected delegates will be  
present, together with several hundred  
visitors. A gathering of 1000  
Baptists is anticipated by Tuesday  
evening, and the convention will be  
one of the most important ever held  
in the state.

Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock a  
large body of delegates went to  
Granville, where they were met by  
an escort of students, who showed  
them about the buildings and the  
grounds of Denison university. An  
interesting exhibit in Science hall  
added a feature of special importance  
to the visit, while later in the after-  
noon the visitors assembled in Re-  
cital hall, where a delightful program  
was given, consisting of musical  
numbers by the members of the fac-  
ulty of the conservatory, Prof. Wood,  
Miss Dorothy Kibler, Miss Fannie  
Parrar and Miss Benedict.

The body of delegates visiting  
Denison was composed principally  
of the State-Missionary organization.

The evening's program at the  
church will consist of an address on  
"The Duties of Christian Citizens,"  
by Dr. Charles Richmond Hender-  
son, D. D., of the University of Chi-  
cago. Dr. Henderson is one of the  
most noted Socialists in the coun-  
try and is the author of several not-  
able books. He is an orator of ex-  
ceptional gift and will no doubt be  
greeted by many admirers.

Tuesday morning the opening ser-  
vice will be conducted by the Rev.  
H. H. Hilley of Hamilton, O. The  
formal welcome and greetings will  
be extended by the pastor of the  
Fifth Street church, the Rev. Joseph  
A. Bennett, with response by Hon. C.  
T. Lewis. The appointment of com-  
mittees and the report of the execu-  
tive board of the state organization  
will take place, after which the an-  
nual sermon will be delivered by the  
Rev. Albert Read of Xenia, O.

The important event of Tuesday  
will be the laymen's banquet in the  
evening.

In preparation for the convention,  
several hundred dollars have been  
spent in improving the Sunday school  
and convention room of the Fifth  
Street church. Improved gas lights  
have been installed, the floor has  
been completely re-carpeted, and  
toilet rooms have been equipped  
and, for the convenience of the de-  
legates and visitors, the Bell and In-  
dependent telephone companies have  
provided phones in the church. Pro-  
vision has been made for the re-  
ceipt and distribution of mail at the  
church by means of a sub-postal sta-  
tion, which will be in charge of a  
U. S. postal clerk throughout the  
convention.

## REPORTS WERE NOT EXAGGERATED

As Many Local People Are Testifying

The Root Juice instructors made  
many lasting friends while here.  
Their wonderful remedy has done  
worlds of good at this point, and re-  
ports of cures are being circulated  
from every direction. The drug store  
is more busy than ever wrapping up  
Root Juice and listening to the many  
flattering reports of the great good it  
is doing.

Mrs. Sarah Collins said: "I used  
to bleed so at times I could hardly  
get my breath, sour gases would form  
in my stomach, and dull, heavy head-  
aches were at times so bad I felt I  
would go crazy; my tongue coated,  
and I always had a bad taste in my  
mouth. My hands and feet were cold  
at times and at other times they  
would burn like fire, but thank my  
good stars, after hearing so much  
about Root Juice, I went to the drug  
store and bought a bottle of it and  
after using the first bottle I went  
back and bought two more bottles.  
I have used it all, and don't think I  
will need any more, as I feel as well  
as I ever did in my life."

Root Juice seems to be good for  
any trouble of the stomach, liver,  
kidneys, bowels or blood. It is sold  
for one dollar a bottle at the City  
Drug Store.

The best \$2 and \$3 men's hats at  
Hermann's, the Clothier. 17-21

Real Estate Transfers.  
Phoebe A. Stinson to Ellsworth E.  
Boyd and Ada Boyd, real estate in  
Washington township, \$1 and other  
considerations.

Phileas Garvin and M. F. Garvin  
to Margaret Gosnell, real estate in  
McKean township, \$1 and other val-  
uable considerations.

Charles M. Hilliard and wife to  
Ethel L. Banchman 15 acres in Han-  
over township, \$1500.

Harvey Gairs, executor of Chas.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take LAXATIVE PROMIO Quinine Tablets.  
Bottle of 10 Tablets is 10¢. A full  
course of 10 Tablets is 1.00. (See third and fourth  
pages.)

Bealhard, to Joseph H. Hinkinson,  
real estate in Newton township,  
\$442.56.

Alice G. Fleck-Miller and Wm. C.  
Miller to Chas. B. Fisk and Emily J.  
Fisk, real estate in May Ann town-  
ship, \$5650.

John T. Sopher and wife to Julia  
F. Mauller, real estate in Granville,  
\$1 and other considerations.

## MASTER BAKERS

Will Hold State Meeting at Canton  
Tuesday and Wednesday—Will  
Close With Banquet.

The local members of the Ohio As-  
sociation of Master Bakers are in  
receipt of the program for their  
convention, which is to be held at  
Canton Oct. 20-21.

Every master baker in Ohio is ur-  
gently requested to attend, for there  
are important matters to be discussed  
and prominent experts will be there  
to make the addresses and read pa-  
pers pertaining to the advancement  
of the baking business. The Ques-  
tion Box will be a feature of each  
day's session, thus giving great op-  
portunities to glean the information  
that some are needing.

"Scientific Baking," by J. W.  
Cartzendafer, Columbus; "For the  
Large and Small Baker Alike," by J.  
L. Liggett, Canton, are among the  
most interesting subjects to be hand-  
led. Discussion follow each subject.  
Splendid entertainment is pro-  
vided for the ladies. Take them  
along. Banquet at Courtland hotel.

It is hoped that Newark will be  
well and fully represented at this  
convention.

## SITUATION IN MICHIGAN

Continued from Page 1.)  
the family of children which on Sat-  
urday was reported burned, brought  
in the charred remains of his lit-  
tle sister in his pocket handkerchief.  
His father and mother had already  
arrived at our house. Their grief  
was terrible. Then another of the  
children, a little girl, arrived carry-  
ing a baby. The child's dress was  
completely burned off, and her little  
body was a mass of blisters.

Matthew Donakoski, a 16-year-old  
boy, said that he believed his sister,  
Mrs. Estella Wojteszek, and her seven  
children, who live five miles south  
of Posen, were cremated in the  
home. Neither he nor his people  
could get to the farmhouse in which  
the family was living.

Alpena, Oct. 19.—A cold north wind  
is blowing today. The temperature  
dropped 20 degrees and the smoke has  
suffering in the refugees camp at  
Metz, where nearly all the burned out  
families are congregated. Tar paper  
shacks are rapidly going up there.  
Governor Warder reached here this  
morning to take personal charge of  
the relief work.

To feel strong, have good appetite and  
digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life,  
use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great sys-  
tem tonic and builder.

## DR. J. N. McCORMACK

Will Give Free Lecture at Taylor  
Hall Tuesday Evening—Will Be  
of Great Benefit.

The lecture of Dr. J. N. McCormack  
of the American Medical association,  
is scheduled for 8 o'clock Tuesday  
evening at Taylor Hall. Dr. McCormack  
will speak on subjects concern-  
ing general health and his lecture is  
intended for the general public and  
will deal in a broad way with the  
question of good health and how to at-  
tain it.

Members of the ladies' clubs of the  
city, teachers, parents, and, in fact,  
all who have the interest and welfare  
of their children at heart will be in-  
terested in the lecture and, since it  
is free, a crowded house is expected  
to greet the speaker.

Mr. F. L. Beggs, president of the  
Board of Education will act as chair-  
man of the meeting.

Eczema and All Skin Diseases  
Are quickly cured by ZEMO, a clean  
liquid for external use. ZEMO is the  
best known remedy for the instant re-  
lief and positive cure of eczema, pim-  
ples, dandruff, piles and every form of  
skin or scalp disease.

For sale everywhere. Write for  
sample, E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St.  
Louis. For sale by Evans Drug  
Store.

"STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER."  
STEPHAN'S DEPT. STORE.

## WAYS OF BEING

Economical—By the Ad. Writer of  
the Buckeye State Building and  
Loan Company, Rankin Building,  
22 West Gay Street, Columbus, O.

Second Way. In buying only that  
which we need. Some people have a  
habit of buying anything or every-  
thing which they see, because it is  
cheap, or some one wants them to  
buy. Buy that only which you need.  
This is a good rule. Another good  
plan is to leave your money and get  
five per cent interest from the  
Buckeye, whose assets are over \$2,  
600,000, all loaned on first  
mortgage loans. The safest of all  
investments.

*Let me tell you something—*



**We shall now have better things to eat**

**WASHBURN-CROSBY'S  
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

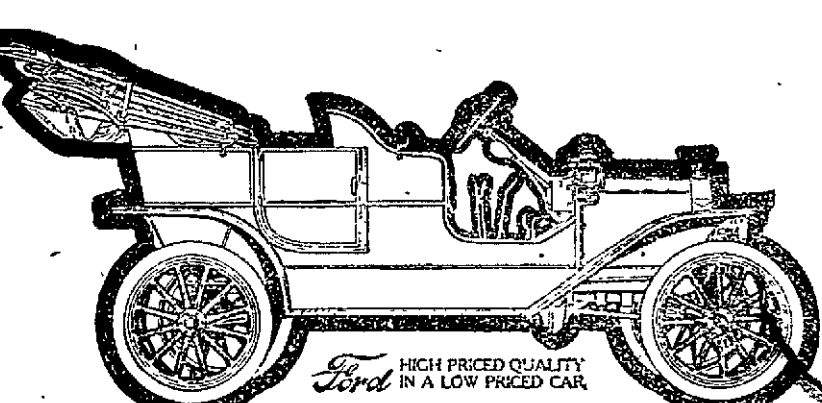
**\$1.98 Extra Special This Week**



Ladies' Arrived Metal Galf in  
Blucher and Button, latest  
style toe; a regular \$2.50 shoe;  
sizes 2 1-2 to 7 on the C, D  
and E lasts, at \$1.98. From  
this extensive stock we can  
fit your feet so perfectly that  
the shoes selected will look as  
though they were made ex-  
pressly for you. Can't we fit  
you now for fall?

**THE SAMPLE**  
West Side Square—Henry Beckman

**MODEL T CAR**



**\$850.00**

Handsomely Big, Roomy, 4 Cylinder  
5 Passenger Touring Car

**DENIS WHITE**  
Rear of 61 South Third St.  
Both Phones

**BLANK BOOKS**

Loose Leaf Ledgers, Printed Blanks

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

Call Either Phone 59 and our man will call

**THE ADVOCATE PRINTING CO.**

FOR QUICK RESULTS TRY  
**ADVOCATE WANT ADS**

## MASS MEETING AT TAYLOR HALL THURSDAY EVENING

Boys Will be Instructed on How to Cast a Political  
Ballot---Will be Non-Partisan in  
Character.

On Thursday evening at 7:30 there  
will be a large non-partisan political  
meeting in Taylor Hall for the boys  
of this city, at which the different  
platforms will be explained and dis-  
cussed and also talks on "How to  
Prepare and Cast a Ballot," "Why  
Should Every Citizen Vote?" "Why  
it is a Crime to Buy or Sell a Vote,"  
"Why a Voter Should do his own  
Thinking," "Rights and Obligations of  
Citizenship." Capable speakers have  
been secured to talk on these subjects  
and they bid fair to be not only in-  
teresting but beneficial as well.

Now boys you cannot afford to miss  
this great opportunity of attending  
this mass meeting, and we promise  
you that if you come there will be  
something doing afterwards that you  
are not expecting and something that  
will be very entertaining. If you ex-  
pect to vote you must know how and  
the only way to know how is to have  
some one explain to you the hows  
and wherefores of the ballot.

This meeting will not be partisan  
in any way shape or form as there  
will be no politicians allowed to  
speak or bring to bare any influence  
upon the boys, that would induce  
them in any way as to who they  
should vote for. This is not a politi-  
cal game at all, purely educational,  
and is open to every boy in the city  
of Newark between the ages of 12

and 21, and we want every boy to take  
advantage of it.

Saturday will be registration day,  
and every boy must register or he can-  
not vote. The booths will be open  
Saturday from 12 o'clock to 7 p. m.  
for registration.

Tuesday, October 28, will be boys'  
election day and every boy who has  
registered may cast his first vote. The  
booths will be open on election day  
from 2 p. m. to 7 p. m. Watch the  
papers this week for further informa-  
tion in regard to this boys' election.

## PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Hale of Zanesville  
visited friends in the city Sunday.

Mr. John Claggett of Hanover  
visited friends in the city Saturday and  
Sunday.

Mrs. W. G. Russell of 245 Woods  
avenue is visiting her parents at Alli-  
ance, Ohio.

Mr. McIntosh has accepted a posi-  
tion as night lunch room clerk at the  
Sam Imhoof restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sharp of North  
Fourth street returned home Saturday  
after a week's visit in Dayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Savoy and  
Miss Mary Handel left Monday for a  
week's visit with friends at Logan.

Ex-Senator George Will is here  
from Washington and will remain un-  
til after the election on November 3.

Miss Lillian Hargraves of Hamilton,  
O., who has been visiting relatives  
here for the past week, has returned  
home.

Mrs. Cora Cox Bliss of Columbus is  
making a short visit with her cousin  
Mrs. Thomas H. Sites of 22 East Lo-  
cust street.

Elders W. G. Porter of Hanover, W.  
M. Shoemaker of Ashley, Elder and  
Mrs. Moffet of Paris, Ill., Mr. Gut-  
tridge of Brownsville, and Mr. and  
Mrs. James Black of this city were

the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James  
Cooksey, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffet of Paris, Ind.,  
and Miss Mattie Robs of Etna were  
the guests of Mrs. Vandenberg of East  
Main street Sunday evening.

Edgar Abbott of Baltimore, Md.,  
having spent several days in Newark  
the guest of his mother on Western  
avenue, has returned to the East.

Charles Walton and Charles Cole  
visited friends in Licking and Newark  
townships Sunday. They brought  
home a goodly supply of chickens.

Mrs. John Bowers is seriously ill  
at her home 474 South Second street.  
Mr. Norman Kuppinger of Columbus  
is visiting with his parents on Sprung  
street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Yehon of South  
Dakota, who have been visiting at the  
home of Mrs. Sarah McLoughlin in  
Massillon, are now visiting friends in  
this city.

Miss Mabel Moore left Saturday  
for Kansas City, where she will be  
the guests of friends for a few weeks.  
From there she will go to points in  
Illinois.

Misses Della and Josie Crottinger,  
accompanied by their brother Hugh,  
were guests Saturday and Sunday of  
their cousin, Miss Ella Bowers, of  
Elmwood avenue.

Mr. Fred Grimm, a clerk at Im-  
hoff's grocery on South Second street,  
who was kept from duty with scarlet  
fever at his home on Spencer street,  
is able to be around.

Mrs. Raisin of Stanberry street en-  
tertained the Misses Peters of Hebron,  
Hattie Robie of Etna, Anna Peters of  
Thurston, and Mary and Bertha Dor-  
sey of Nashport, Sunday.

Mrs. William Claggett entertained  
Mr. M. B. Claggett and family of Cen-  
tral City and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Shack-  
let, Mrs. Lawrence of Newark and  
Mrs. Armentrout of Hebron, Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Franklin of 68 West  
Church street, accompanied by her  
daughter, Mrs. David Thomas, and  
Miss Hazel Thomas, went to Cincin-  
nati Monday, here they will make a  
two weeks' visit with headquarters at  
the Hotel Emery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Crawford of Co-  
shington were guests over Sunday of  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maynard in  
Kibler avenue. Mr. Crawford is spend-  
ing a few weeks in Newark as state  
examining auditor of banking and  
loan associations.

Mrs. J. F. Eaton of East Wheeling  
avenue entertained a party of friends  
with an elegant luncheon Saturday  
evening at 5 o'clock in honor of her  
niece, Mrs. T. J. Daly, Mrs. Frank  
Maurath and Mrs. Edward Maurath  
of Newark. Parties were the decor-  
ations used.—Cambridge Jeffersonian.

## Money to Loan

On good Real Estate, in large  
and small amounts, on short or  
long time, at Lowest Rates of  
Interest. Inquire of

**Norpell & Norpell**

NO. 12 LANSING BLOCK.



Oysters - Oysterettes  
Soup - Oysterettes  
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With such a beginning the rest of the menu is unimportant.

**Oysterettes**

—those delicate little oyster crackers—give a touch to the feast that nothing else will replace.

5c In moisture proof packages

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## CAMBRIDGE

**Defeated in Fast Game by Local High School Squad**

**GOOD CROWD PRESENT**

Newark Team Showed Decided Improvement and Line Men Worked Better.

Denison Hands Out Stinging Defeat to Muskingum College Football Team.

To the accompaniment of cheers from the rooters, the local high school football squad dished up defeat to the Cambridge aggregation Saturday at Wehrle park, by the close score of 5 to 2. The game was one of the hardest fought contests of the kind seen in Newark for many a season, and every foot of the field was contested stubbornly by both

teams during the forty minutes of play. While the day was an ideal one for the spectators, for the players the heat made their oppressive togetherness anything but comfortable, but both sides played up to the limit and the witnesses of the grueling struggle were well repaid for the time they spent at the game. Cambridge, as a team, outweighed the local but what they lacked in beef they made up in speed and gameness, and after but four minutes the lone touchdown of the game was sent across the Cambridge line.

The local team had one glaring fault that was not noticed in the visitors, and the efforts of the coaches could not make the boys overcome the bad habit of hitting the opposing line high. It was there that the callers made their heaviest gains. In critical times, though the locals would hold without flinching, and several times they were given the ball on downs. The tackling was better than in the game with Mt. Vernon, a week ago, and in this line Gleichauf showed up in good shape.

The air filled oval was a particularly hard thing for the men of both teams to hold onto, and many fumbles resulted, and while they were not costly, yet in a way they detracted from the interest in the game. Several minor injuries happened during the contest, and when Perry was forced to retire and Wilson was substituted, a player that shows great ability was uncovered. Wilson, while a new man in center, played a good game and worked hard. Williams was a valuable lineman, and though a bad nose kept him from showing up at his best, yet his weight was a valuable asset for the local team.

Gleichauf worked very hard, though Gleichauf, worked hard, though Gleichauf, with a bad shoulder, was handicapped greatly. Davis, Collins, Warner, Cooper and Trittipio were in the game

every minute and in the quarter position Ramsey was all that could be desired.

### FIRST HALF.

The flip of a coin gave Newark the west goal, and at the sound of the whistle Booth kicked off to Collins who made a short dash before he was downed. On off side play by Cambridge gave Newark the advantage of 15 yards. Ashley then went through the line for a short gain, and the forward pass was then attempted. Black to Warner, who fumbled, but fell on the ball. Black was then given the ball and he punted 15 yards. A fumble gave Newark the ball, which was then shot to Cooper on a forward pass. The series of plays took the oval to Cambridge's 25 yard line and Ashley then placed kicked to Cambridge. A mixup followed and Ashley went down the field in time to force the ball over the visitors' line. His attempt to kick goal failed.

Ashley then kicked off to Cook on the 10 yard line, and he was downed almost in his tracks by Black. A line buck gave Cambridge a short gain but their next attempt in the same play was stopped by Cooper who hurled himself into the line and carried several players off their feet. A short gain was then made through the left side of Newark's line, but the runner was downed by Warner and Black. A series of line bucks by Cambridge followed and it was in this method of playing that their weight counted. The caller then punted to Ramsey who was downed in his tracks. Warner made a good gain by his end run and the ball was then shot to Black for a 15 yard punt.

A series of buck and exchange of punts followed, with the ball, for the most part, in the middle of the gridiron. Time had to be called several times at this juncture for minor injuries, and Cook was forced to retire through a slight injury to his right arm. The same

species of playing followed until the half was called.

### SECOND HALF.

Ashley kicked off to Cambridge's 15 yard line, and the playing became fiercer than ever. The impact of the players bodies could be heard the length of the field, for Cambridge wanted a touchdown and Newark was determined that their lead should be maintained. Though the visitors tried time and again to break the local's line, the line men stood their ground in good shape, and several times the runner was forced back for a loss. Discouraged by their ineffectual attempts to force the line, Cambridge then bunted to Black. Wilson then got in his great work and showed his ability as a player. Newark was forced almost to their goal line and a bad pass of Wilson then gave the visitors their only score, two points.

Ashley again kicked off and the runner was tackled by Warner. For holding a Newark player, Cambridge was then penalized 15 yards. The Guernsey county boys then tried the Newark line, but this attempt was only made once, for Black broke through their line and carried their runner back several feet. Newark then got the ball but soon lost it on Black's fumble. Line attacks followed, with the visitors making short gains. Bad fumbling by both teams then followed, with Newark making the best of every error of the visitors.

Cambridge, with the ball in her possession, then drove out a long punt to Warner just as the final whistle blew, giving the game to the locals.

The line-up:  
Newark: Cooper, L.E., Pritchard, Trittipio, L.T., Thompson, Williams, L.G., Nye, Perry-Wilson, C., Dilly (C), Davis, R.G., Keeland, Collins, R.T., Clary-Barnes, Warner (C), R.E., McMurray, Ramsey, Q.B., Shultz, Gleichauf, R.H.E., Tribby, Black, L.H.B., Booth, Ashley, F.B., Cook-Clary. Referee—Nehls. Umpire—Smith. Head Linesman—Carpenter. Linesmen—Smith and Barnes. Timekeepers—Orr, Jamison. Time of Halves—20 and 20 minutes.

### DENISON, 34; MUSKINGUM, 0.

Granville, O., Oct. 10.—Muskingum college proved easy for Denison here Saturday. It looked at first as if it would be a lively game, as the Muskingum boys worked the ball close enough to attempt a goal from field. After Denison started their work by a long end run, the visitors were out of it.

Denison made the first touchdown in 12-12 minutes of play and followed with another after four minutes of hard line bucks. The half ended with the score of 13 to 0.

The second half was played with spirit by both teams, but Denison had no difficulty in going through the Muskingum line and around the ends.

The forward pass was well executed by both teams. Quarterback Anderson played a star game for Denison. White and Walker also did well on end runs. During the second half Denison crossed the goal line three times, making the score 34 to 0 in their favor. Line-up:  
Denison: Holden-Conley, White, Chatenden, L.T., Smith, Zell, L.G., Willerton, Hart-Gibson, C., Stump, Rogers, R.T., Ostler, Williams-Gibson, R.G., Neams, Hershberger, R.E., O'Neill, Anderson, Q., Thomas, Walker-White, L.H., McClellan, Stillwell, L.H., Brindley, Livingston, F.B., A. Smith. Touchdowns—Stillwell 2, Livingston 2, Walker, Rogers. Kicked Goals—Rogers 4. Time of Halves—25 and 20 minutes. Referee—Van Voorhis.

Football Results.  
OHIO.  
Kenyon 0, Case 0.  
Western Reserve 18, Ohio State 0.  
Ohio Wesleyan 22, Wooster 6.  
Oberlin 31, Antioch 4.  
Oberlin 52, Heidelberg 0.  
Denison 34, Muskingum 0.  
Ohio Northern 19, Wittenberg 0.  
Miami 5, Ohio 0.

EAST.  
Tale 6, West Point 0.  
U. of P. 12, Brown 0.  
Harvard 44, Springfield Tech. 0.  
Williams 0, Dartmouth 0.  
Cornell 9, Colgate 0.  
Navy 15, Lehigh 0.  
Princeton 10, Virginia Tech. 0.

WEST.  
Michigan 12, Notre Dame 6.  
Chicago 11, Illinois 6.  
Wisconsin 15, Indiana 0.  
Rose Tech. 14, Wabash 11.  
Earlham 16, Franklin 0.  
Drake 18, Coe 0.

**LANKS' DRAFTED**  
Columbus has drafted Pitcher Mock and Outfielder Carter of the Lancaster Ohio State league team.

**HANDSOME DAN**  
The percheron stallion will make the fall season of 1908 as follows: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at Perry Cullison's, one mile south of Fallsburg; Thursdays at the home of the owner, C. B. Denman, one mile north of Hanover.

Keeper, PERRY CULLISON.

**NEW BOOKS FOR LIBRARY.**  
Slowly but steadily the Newark public library is building up a most valuable collection of reading matter. Contributions of books are being received almost daily, but now the principal need seems to be money. The following books were donated during the past week:

I. W. Thompson, 7 volumes; Annette Thompson, 1 volume. Mrs. J. K. Hamill 4 volumes; John Brown, 5 volumes; Mr. Hatch, 12 volumes.

Knex and Hawes hats at Hermann's the Clothier.

## NEW DIGESTIVE JUICES WANTED

MORE GASTRIC JUICE AND NO FERMENTATION IN YOUR STOMACH WILL CURE.

Absolute Relief From All Stomach Trouble and Indigestion Is Merely a Matter of Taking Diapepsin.

If what you eat is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch Gas and Eructate sour, undigested food or having a feeling of Dizziness, Heartburn, Fullness, Nausea, Bad taste in mouth and Stomach headache—this is Indigestion.

A full case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only 50 cents and will thoroughly cure the worst case of Dyspepsia, and leave sufficient about the house in case some one else in the family may suffer from Stomach trouble or Indigestion.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula plainly printed on these 50-cent cases, then you will understand why Dyspeptic trouble of all kinds must go, and why they usually relieve a sour stomach or Indigestion in five minutes. Get a case now and eat one Triangule after your next meal. They are harmless and taste like candy, though each contains power sufficient to digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides it makes you go to the table with a hearty, healthy appetite; but, what will please you most is that you will feel that your Stomach and Intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for Biliousness or Constipation.

This city will have many Diapepsin cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be cranky about this splendid stomach prescription, too, if you ever have Indigestion or Gastritis or any other Stomach misery, and eat just one Triangule of Diapepsin.

## CORNER STONE

Of the New North Newark Christian Union Church Laid Sunday With Impressive Ceremonies.

Several hundred people witnessed the impressive ceremony accompanying the laying of the corner stone of the new North Newark Christian Union church Sunday afternoon.

Immediately following the sermon on "The Chief Corner Stone," delivered at 8:30, by the Rev. Ernest S. Dillin of the Pine street C. U. church, the huge cornerstone was dedicated by the Rev. I. B. Dillin, pastor of the new church. The stone contained a Bible, copies of the C. U. Messenger, the Advocate and the American Tribune, and the names of the officers and members of the church, as well as the names of those who contributed toward the church building fund.

In the forenoon at 10 o'clock the Rev. S. T. Hanawalt, of the Christian Union Mission Board was to have delivered a sermon, but he was unable to be present and the service was conducted by the pastor of the church. Both services were participated in by the members of both local Christian Union churches.

The foundation for the new edifice is now completed and the superstructure will be carried on to rapid completion. When finished the new structure will undoubtedly prove a pleasing addition to Newark's increasing number of new religious edifices.

**DANDRUFF**  
An Easy Task to Cure It When You Know How.

There are three kinds of dandruff cures: Good dandruff cures. Bad dandruff cures. And plain liquid junk. The first is good to put on the head; the second is good to keep off the head; and the third is good to flush out the sewer.

The owners of good dandruff cures say our remedy will cure you in two weeks or money back.

The owners of bad dandruff cures guarantee nothing, but spend their money howling fake at the good dandruff cures, which policy they consider is a clever method of entangling the sheekles from the unwary. Parisian Sage is a good dandruff cure.

It is guaranteed by T. J. Evans to cure dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks or money back.

It kills the dandruff microbes, it promotes a new growth of hair, it makes hair soft and luxuriant, and is without doubt the most pleasant and invigorating hair dressing made today.

To every reader of The Advocate, both man and woman, we want to say these few words:

If you have tried other dandruff cures, hair restorers, and have failed to receive any benefit from them, don't give up hope, try Parisian Sage at our risk.

Evans' Drug Store will sell you a large bottle for 50 cents, with a money back guarantee if it does not do as advertised.

Orders shipped by express, all charges prepaid, at regular price, by Giron Mfg Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Knex and Hawes hats at Hermann's the Clothier.

## OBITUARY

MRS. BETTIE B. DENMAN.

The two sisters and niece of Mrs. Bettie Denman, with Dr. Bennett of the First Baptist church of Newark; Rev. Conant of the Free Methodist; Rev. Jesse Jackson, evangelist, and singers, Mrs. Lamb, Misses Harris and Majors, awaited the coming of the aged husband to manifest their true love to her and respect to the deceased's long Christian life. On the quiet autumn morning at 10:30 o'clock, they were grouped around the last resting place and listened to the eloquent and touching tribute to the dead delivered by Dr. Bennett. We, too, could almost feel, as the singers sang "Looking This Way," the loved one just gone, with a course of friends, was "Looking This way," and she rejoiced that we knew by her long Christian life, she was at rest in the arms of Jesus, and we rejoiced in the hope of meeting with them in the eternal rest, as Rev. Conant prayed. Farewell, dear sister, until we join you in your perfect happiness.

MRS. NOAH EFFINGER.

Mrs. Noah Effinger died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Mayer, 417 Eleventh street, Saturday, Oct. 17, after a lingering illness of a complication of diseases.

She leaves a husband, four sisters, one brother and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss. The funeral will be held from Mrs. Mayer's residence Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

LESTER MYERS.

Lester, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Myers, died at the home, 223 North Fourth street, Sunday morning at 8 o'clock after a short illness of pneumonia. The funeral services will be held at the home Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sparks of the First Methodist church.

CHARLES WHITE.

Charles Herman, the seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard White, died at the home Saturday night about 8 o'clock, after an illness of only a short time with diphtheria. The burial was made Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Owing to the nature of the disease from which the little one died, the burial was private.

## ZANESVILLE REGISTRATION

Zanesville with its boasted population of 40,000 will certainly have to revise its registration figures if it expects to hold the claim.

The registration completed Saturday shows that just 7,680 voters registered in the Clay City. Computing the population on the basis of 4-9 gives it just 34,132 souls, or only 3,012 more than Newark.

Zanesville for years has boasted that it had 10,000 more population than this city. The truth of the matter is that Newark is fast outgrowing its neighbor on the east and it will only be a few more years until we have passed them and the Muskingum capital will have to take a back seat for one of the most progressive and best little cities in Central Ohio.

We have just received a large shipment direct from Philadelphia of

## WHITMAN'S

High Grade Chocolate Candies!

These Candies are noted for their Purity and Delicious combination of flavor. The line includes

Victoria Chocolates  
Fine Chocolates  
Super Extra Chocolates  
and The Fussy Package

The latter are made for fastidious folks. The prices for WHITMAN'S Chocolates are from

50c to \$1.00 the pound

## HALL'S DRUG STORE

10 North Side Square  
FINE CANDIES  
TOILET ARTICLES

## Auditorium Theatre

Open Every Day in the Year (Except Sunday)

WILL D. HARRIS, LESSEE-MANAGER

TONIGHT

Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25  
Seats Now on Sale

Tuesday, October 20

MOTION PICTURES, ILLUSTRATED SONGS. PROF. SMITH'S BAND AND ORCHESTRA.  
Children, 5c; Adults, 10c.

Wednesday, Oct. 21

W. A. Brady and J. R. Grismer's Production

## The Man of The Hour

By George Broadhurst Given Here Exactly as Seen for Two Years at the Savoy Theatre, New York.

5 Months Illinois Theatre, Chicago  
6 Months Tremont Theatre, Boston  
5 Months Philadelphia.  
Matinee 50c, 75c, \$1.  
Night 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50  
Seats now on sale

Thursday, Oct. 22

Katheryn Osterman

## The Night of The Play

(See the Osterman \$1,000 Cloth of Gold Directive.)

Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00.  
Seats now on sale.

## Orphium Theatre

Opening

Monday, October 19

## Martinini

Spectacular Mirror Dancer \$800 Worth of Mirrors used in this act and still no raise in prices. You are never fooled.

ROBBINS HUNTER, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, Newark, Ohio.

Office—Hunter & Jones Block, West side of Public Square. New Phone 171.

John David Jones, Roderick Jones.

JONES & JONES, Attorneys-at-Law.

Practise in all the courts, both State and National. Prompt attention given to wills, conveyancing and administrators and guardians accounts, and all litigation. Trust Building, Newark, Ohio.

## Star Course

Opening Concert

TONIGHT

The John Eberle Concert Company

Mr. John Eberle, Baritone  
Miss Alice Carey, Violinist  
Mrs. Mayme McFarland, Soprano  
Miss Florence Myrle Beckingham, Leader

Opening Number 8:15 Promptly  
Seats at Y. M. C. A.

**GHUGLES FROM GHILDLAND**  
BY W. F. MARRIVER.

HEAVY DAMAGES  
"Now! Doggone it! I'll bet I'll have to take a nickel out of my bank an' buy me another bottle of ink."

A HERO  
"How! I thought you sez you could beat me any day."  
"I m-m-meant foot racin'."

POOR OLD GENTLEMAN  
"Why, what's the trouble, sonnie?"  
"Boo-hoo, I leaved my piece of mince pie on that bench and, boo-hoo! you're sittin' right on it."

Other panels show a boy with a dog, a girl with a cat, and a boy with a girl.



# THE DEVIL

By FERENC MOLNAR

Dramatized by OLIVER HERFORD

Adapted by JOSEPH O'BRIEN

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## CHAPTER XIX.

BROAD, glaring daylight had come when Heinrich entered the reception room of the studio. He declined no presence. There were no conflicting passions in his old heart. He pattered about, humming an old song to himself, dusting the vases and paintings, stirring the slumbering fire, until the doorbell rang.

He admitted to the anteroom a beautiful young woman whom he had never seen before. When he returned to the reception room to ruminate on the situation he was confronted by the figure of Millar—the figure of the devil.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know you were here," he said.

"I am here," Millar responded cheerfully. "Who rang?"

"A lady, sir."

"A real lady?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"That's odd. What does she want?"

"She wants to see my master, sir, M. Karl."

"Well, show her in."

Heinrich hurried out and ushered in Elsa. The poor little girl had lost her bravado of the night before. She was ready to humble herself. She was stricken with the terrible malady. She was in love. She acknowledged it to herself, and she knew that the man she loved had his heart elsewhere. But she had resolved to make a fight, to win him if she could, and she had taken this desperate move.

She was startled, though, when she was ushered into the reception room and saw Millar there, his hands on his breast, bowing profoundly.

"You seem to be everywhere," she exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Are you Karl's secretary?"

Millar was transformed, back into his frock coat, his immaculate trousers, his wine colored waistcoat. He was again the polished, suave, affable gentleman of the afternoon, with ingratiating manner, cynical smile and insinuating words.

"No, I am not Karl's servant—only his friend," he said. "How are you feeling today?"

"Oh, very well, thank you. I did not know there was any one in here or I should have waited outside. But as it is only you I do not mind."

She resented the presence of this man in the place, and she took a seat, turning her back to him. Millar, not in the least disturbed, said:

"Karl got in very late this morning."

"I assume that he did. It was very late when the ball ended."

"Still, I think he would be very much pleased to know that you are here. Will you permit me to acquaint him of the pleasure that awaits him?"

"Thank you, no. I will wait for him here. This is an interesting room. I have never been here before."

"I know that," Millar said.

"How do you know it?" Elsa demanded with spirit.

"Oh, Heinrich told me. A lady may come here secretly every day, but when she comes the first time it cannot be secret, even to Heinrich."

"I wish I had not come alone," Elsa declared.

"I know that also," said the imperious Millar.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, Heinrich told me there was a real lady waiting."

"I am glad at least that Heinrich recognized me as such," Elsa declared indignantly. "He is the only one who has spoken to me as if he realized that."

"Then he must have thought you the other kind," Millar said cynically. "Heinrich made a mistake."

"I think Heinrich is the better judge," Elsa said.

"An excellent judge, I grant you," Millar said, laughing. "He is the one man who should have brought you here. You know only two men have the right to open the door of a bachelor apartment to a young lady. They are his valet and the clergyman. You may choose which of the two you would prefer."

Elsa turned on him with eyes that flashed indignation.

"I was once left alone with a man who kissed me, and I insulted him," she said.

"I was once left alone with a lady who insulted me, and I kissed her," the cynical person replied.

"You are horrible!" Elsa exclaimed.

Millar saw her distress and raged the hell. When Heinrich entered he said, "Get a little red leather pocketbook out of my overcoat."

"Oh, you need not fear. I shall not cry this morning," Elsa said.

"I am not apprehensive, but I thought you were laughing," Millar said.

"When girls laugh I fear they are going to cry. Why do you come here?"

"I want to have my portrait painted, and I shall come every day," Elsa replied.

"You mean you want to come every day, and therefore you will have your portrait painted," said the cynic.

"You are an expert word juggler," said Elsa.

"Do you know that another lady comes here to have her portrait painted?"

"Yes; that is why I am coming."

Elsa declared boldly. "I want to see whose portrait will be better."

"That is a bold challenge, my little girl. You were not so brave yesterday."

"Yesterday I was undecided. Today I have made up my mind to fight. You gave me good advice."

"I have some more advice to give you today. We did not finish last night."

"What is it?"

"It is this—do not fight. You were not made to fight."

"Why not?" she demanded, with spirit. "Am I not brave and clever?"

"Yes, brave and clever," Millar repeated cynically, looking at her with the smile that made her want to weep.

In spite of her resolve to fight she was on the verge of tears. She sat at a table, shrinking from the sinister figure before her. Millar inspired her with a nameless terror, and it was almost against her will that she listened.

"Let me tell you what you must do," he said, sitting down in front of her. "Do you know what you should do?"

"I don't like to have you sit in judgment on me this way," she protested. "You question me as if you were a judge."

"No, it is not that, but you answer as if you were a prisoner. Now, little Elsa, stand up and listen. You know that Karl is in love with Olga."

"Yes, I know it. It is the only thing I do know."

"Then you should give Karl up."

"I can't give him up."

"You must learn."

"How? From whom shall I learn?"

"Let me see. I think I have here the very person," Millar said.

He walked over and opened the hall door.

"Mimi, come in here and wait; it is warmer," he called.

To the amazement of Elsa the shrinking little model came in, hesitating on the threshold. She wore a red woolen jersey over her bodice that fitted her tightly and made her look very slight and shivering. She looked with wide open eyes at the beautiful girl and dropped a courtesy as she sat in the seat Millar drew out for her. Elsa nodded at her in silence, and Millar, after watching them a few seconds with a smile of amusement, walked out of the room, whistling softly.

Mimi was the first to break the silence, squirming under Elsa's direct scrutiny.

"Madame is waiting for the artist?"

"Yes," Elsa replied shortly.

"So am I," Mimi said, adding with engaging frankness: "He went on a spree last night. When he does that he always sleeps late."

Elsa was embarrassed, and there was another interval of silence. Then Mimi asked:

"Is Madame to have her portrait painted?"

"Yes."

"I know all those who come here to be painted," Mimi went on. "This is quite like home to me. I am his model. I don't have to pay for my portraits. Madame has a splendid profile."

"Please do not call me Madame," Elsa said impatiently. "I am miss, like youself."

"I beg your pardon, miss. I am not Madame, either. My name is Mimi."

"My name is Elsa."

"Oh, I know. I have heard of you. You are very rich and very beautiful. I know what it means to be rich. Once our family was well off, and I did not have to work as a model."

"I am sorry you have been unfortunate," Elsa said.

"But I have heard much of you," the girl went on. She was now tremendously interested in this beautiful woman, whose coming, she believed, meant that she would no longer be Karl's model. "You see, I know all the things that go on here. I look out for the artist's laundry and sew his buttons on, and I almost know his thoughts."

"And do they interest you?"

"Oh, yes, but it will not be so any more."

"Why not?"

"Because he is to be married, because you have come, and he will not need me."

"Why not? He will still paint. He must have models."

"Yes, but it will not be the same, and I will not come any more."

"Do you like M. Karl?"

"Very much."

"Does he paint you now?"

"Ah, no; nothing but landscapes."

"Then you did not come as a model today?" Elsa asked.

"I come always as a model. If the artist does not treat me as such it is not my fault."

She noticed that Elsa looked offended and went on hurriedly, apologetically:

"Please, if I offend you I will be quiet. But you seem to be so nice. If I were you and you were the model I should not be angry with you."

Elsa was touched by the pathos in Mimi's eyes.

"Pardon me. I am very, very sorry if I have hurt you," she cried impulsively. "Let us be friends."

"Yes, let's," Mimi cried. "You can talk to me about everything. I am not

a bad sort, but I have known him for a long while. I was crying when I went away yesterday, and he felt sorry for my way. He came to the house on his way to the ball last night in his evening clothes, but I would not see him. It must be finished."

"Was he fond of you?"

"I liked him very much," Mimi replied simply.

"And now?"

"Ah, now it is different. If a man wants to have another sweetheart, what can we do? It is like the railway. The train comes in and goes, and the little station must wait until another train comes."

"And are you going to wait for another train? You were fond of him and can speak like that?"

"I was fond of him," Mimi said, "but I am not silly enough to believe it will last just because I wanted it to last. I knew when it started that I should have to give him up some day. I have learned that. I shall forget him and hope that he and you will be happy."

Mimi's tears came unrestrainedly now, and as she looked for her handkerchief Elsa picked up Millar's weeping satchel where he had left it on the table and gave it to the model. Mimi dabbed vigorously at her streaming eyes.

"I am glad that I met you here," she said when she could control her voice. "I shall be clever today and not see him at all. I will go away now and never come back. What time is it?"

"It is 3 o'clock," Elsa said, looking at her watch.

"Then I must go. Another artist in the next block expects me to pose for him, and his laundress comes at 3. He is very clever."

She stood up and looked around the room at the things on the walls—her own pictures, the place that seemed like home to her. She sobbed as she started toward the door.

"Goodbye, miss," she said.

Elsa looked after her as she went out. Then she looked around the room and was seized with panic.

"Mimi, Mimi!" she called out.

The model did not return. Elsa seized her hat and fled, just as Millar entered from the adjoining room. His chuckle of satanic amusement reached her as she hurried from the house.

## CHAPTER XX.

MILLAR'S sardonic face was wreathed in smiles as he looked after the two young girls, each of whom carried from his hateful presence a bruised heart.

With Mimi it was the fate of a child of the underworld—something to which she was pathetically resigned. With her there was no struggle. She knew that when she ceased to charm she must go her way and find another man, a master rather than a sweetheart.

Elsa could not have told herself what fear made her fly from the studio after Mimi, but she feared that she was also doomed to give up the hope of her heart. It was her first cruel disappointment, but Mimi had made her see that she was beaten, and, in spite of her earlier resolution to fight, she saw that fighting would bring only unhappiness. She hurried to her waiting carriage and was driven home, where she locked herself in her room to weep alone.

And Millar, the sinister being, ever at hand with his insidiously evil suggestions, chuckled as he watched them go. He threw himself into a chair and rang the bell for Heinrich. The old servant entered rebelliously, but, trained to habits of obedience, he could not give expression to his feeling of hatred and distrust of his master's strange visitor. As for Millar, he even seemed to find something amusing in the old man's obvious aversion.

"Bring me tea and brandy," he ordered peremptorily.

"Yes, sir."

"Is your master up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has any one seen him this morning?"

"No, sir. Mme. Hoffmann's maid was here three times."

"What for?" Millar demanded quickly.

"She wished to know when Mme. Hoffmann might see M. Karl. I told her I had strict orders not to call him before 3 o'clock."

Millar looked at his watch and saw that it was a few minutes after 3 o'clock.

"Humph! We shall have another visitor shortly," he muttered. "I think I begin to see the completion of my work. It shall be this afternoon. Get my tea," he added to Heinrich, "and serve it in the studio."

The old man went out. Millar paced slowly up and down the floor, looking at his watch until he heard the doorbell ring.

"The beautiful Olga," he said, stepping softly from the reception room into the studio and leaving the way clear for Olga.

She was admitted by Heinrich. She hurried into the room, looked wildly about her and sank into a seat. For a moment she could not speak.

All night and all day, since Millar's shadow hovered about her fainting

form in her own home, she had been torn by the emotions raised by the letter. It was a confession she had never meant to make. She dreaded the thought of Karl ever seeing it.

"Is M. Karl at home?" she asked as Heinrich waited respectfully.

"Yes, Madame."

"My maid told me he could not be seen until 3 o'clock. It is now after 3. May I see him?"

"If you will wait a few minutes longer, Madame, I will tell him that you are here."

Heinrich started toward the studio.

"One moment," Olga called after him. "Has any one seen M. Karl today?"

"No, Madame."

"Has he received no letter?"

"No, Madame."

"Thank God!" she exclaimed fervently. "Go, Heinrich, tell him I am in a great hurry and must see him at once."

"I am afraid, Madame, you will have to wait a few minutes for M. Karl to dress," Heinrich said. "Shall I tell Dr. Millar you are here?"

"Who?" Olga cried, springing up in dread.

"Dr. Millar, the gentleman who was here yesterday," Heinrich said.

"Is he with your master?" Olga cried in fright.

"Yes, Madame."

"Oh God, am I too late? Tell me, did you see Dr. Millar give a letter to your master?"

"He may have done so, Madame. I cannot remember."

Olga walked nervously up and down the room, while Heinrich waited, sympathizing at her distress. The old man was mystified, but he felt that Millar was to blame for the grief which his young master's beautiful visitor showed.

"It may not be too late," Olga cried to herself. Then she said to Heinrich: "Please tell Dr. Millar to come down. Do not tell him who is here; simply say a lady wishes to see him at once."

"Yes, Madame."

Heinrich withdrew, leaving Olga, with clinched hands and twitching features, walking up and down the room. It was thus Millar saw her as he entered, with his cynical smile, at which she shuddered.

"You are the lady who wished to see me at once?" he asked, with his most polite bow. "I am honored, Madame."

"Yes, I sent for you," Olga said, not knowing how to begin.

"And what may I do for you?"

"Please tell me quickly—I am trembling, did you?"

"Yes, dear lady, I delivered your letter."

Olga sank into her chair and covered her face with her hands, while dry, tearless sobs shook her body. Millar looked at her unmoved, and as Heinrich entered with the tea tray he turned coolly to the old servant.

"Put that tea here," he said, indicating a table near Olga. "And the brandy. Thank you. You may go."

He poured himself a cup of tea and began to sip it, looking the while at the terrified woman before him.

It was the moment of Millar's complete triumph, and he gloated over Olga as she sat there, her trembling hands covering her face, much as a large cat gloats over a mouse helplessly beneath his paws. He had deliberately about the letter, which even then reposed in the inside pocket of his immaculate frock coat. But he reserved that for a final coup. He knew that Olga, believing Karl was in possession of the letter, would yield to the inevitable: that she would again confess her love, even to Karl himself, and that only a miracle of resolution and faith and strength could save the two young people from the abyss of dishonor and unhappiness into which he was about to plunge them.

He sipped his tea in silence. Several moments elapsed before Olga saw him to control herself. Then she asked, without looking at Millar, and her voice was dry with pain:

"Did—did Karl read the letter?"

"Oh, yes," Millar said, with another sip of tea.

"Oh God, too late!" she cried.

Millar arose and stood behind Olga's chair, leaning over her and speaking in a soft, low voice.

"After he read the letter he buried his face in his pillow and wept," he said.

"He wept?"

"Yes; he wept with joy. I do not like men who weep."

Olga did not heed his flattery. She looked up at him imploringly.

"I did not want him to get that letter," she said. "I came to ask him to give it back to me unopened. I am too late."

"It is not you who are too late. It was I who was too early," Millar said deprecatingly.

"Oh, is this life really a serious matter?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I am sorry you have been unfortunate," Elsa said.

"But I have heard much of you," the girl went on. She was now tremendously interested in this beautiful woman, whose coming, she believed, meant that she would no longer be Karl's model. "You see, I know all the things that go on here. I look out for the artist's laundry and sew his buttons on, and I almost know his thoughts."

"And do they interest you?"

"Oh, yes, but it will not be so any more."

"Why not?"

"Because he is to be married, because you have come, and he will not need me."

"Why not? He will still paint. He must have models."

"Yes, but it will not be the same, and I will not come any more."

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"Very much."

"Does he paint you now?"

"Ah, no; nothing but landscapes."

"Then you did not come as a model today?" Elsa asked.

"I come always as a model. If the artist does not treat me as such it is not my fault."

She noticed that Elsa looked offended and went on hurriedly, apologetically:

"Please, if I offend you I will be quiet. But you seem to be so nice. If I were you and you were the model I should not be angry with you."

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Olga looked thoughtfully away from him and said to herself softly:

"To weep."

"From joy," Millar repeated after her, in the same soft voice.

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"Goodbye," he said; "I will leave you to speak to Karl alone."

"Please don't go," Olga implored.

"I can hardly remain under the circumstances," he said.

He knew that to further his design Karl and Olga should meet quite alone. He would see to it that even old Heinrich did not interrupt them until Olga had repeated her confession of love and the hoax of the letter had been revealed. Then he would reappear, with the letter, and they might read it together.

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"I am afraid to be alone with him," she said. "Would you please stay?"

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Olga weakened and began to pace the floor again.

"Well, I shall be quite frank with him," she said. "I shall be honest. I shall ask him for the last time."

Karl's voice was heard in his own room calling to Heinrich.

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### The Griggs Store

## Buy the Best Underwear

Particular people are requested to call and examine in detail this excellent underwear. It's the minute examination that reveals its superiority. Smoothness of seams, hand finish on cuffs and neck, snugness of shaping, nice weights of fabric and all these points combine to make a garment that fits without wrinkles and is comfortable.



### "Mérode" (Hand-Finished) Underwear.

White, light weight vests and pants	50c
Cream, light weight vests and pants	50c
Cream fleeced heavy vests and pants	50c
Medium weight fleeced union suits	75c
Heavy weight fleeced union suits	\$1.00
White light weight Merino vests	\$1.00
Cream silk and cotton vests and pants	\$1.00
White light weight silk and wool	\$1.25

And a splendid range of union suits ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a suit



### GOV. HARRIS' CHANGE OF FRONT ON THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE

His Statement Three Years Ago That It Was a Disgrace to Defeat Governor Herrick.

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 19.—Three years ago John M. Pattison made a memorable campaign against the Cox-Gulbert combine, which was hiding then under the long-tailed coat of Governor Herrick. One of the chief issues made by Mr. Pattison was to root out corruption in our state and local governments. Judson Harmon stood by Mr. Pattison in that campaign on the same ground which furnishes the chief issue between the state tickets in Ohio today. Even Secretary Taft came to Ohio and made one speech in that campaign—at Akron, where he spoke his mind freely about conditions in Cincinnati under the Cox regime.

Well did Judge Harmon say in his speech at Ashland last Saturday: "When the General Assembly, roused by the plain speech of Judge Taft at Akron, sent one committee after another to lay bare conditions at Cincinnati and both committees were blocked by technical obstructions after exposing wholesale corruption and frightening more than \$200,000 graft back into the treasury, there was great rejoicing at the State House. Far be it from the Governor and the State officials to take up and push on through their unquestioned powers, the drift opened by the committees. So we are left to struggle on unaided from Columbus until the people shall put men there who know graft when they see it and will cry out against it, no matter who the grafters may be."

In his speech at Ashland Judge Harmon also said: "We hoped and believed, until the disclosures made last winter, that political corruption was localized, that it had not yet spread from the cities where it had been discovered to the capital. But now when we find it has I ought to be taken off the ticket if I keep silent about it. It is set forth in the testimony and report of the investigation on file. It is put at the forefront of the platform on which I stand. It is published in the score of Republican journals which have repudiated the Republican ticket in whole or in part. Am I to lay my hand on my mouth and then expect the confidence of my party or the respect of the people of Ohio?"

The governor, who had dodged this issue all through the campaign, as much as possible, and tried to shield state officials from investigation by legally created committees of the state legislature, is the same Andrew L. Harris, who was elected lieutenant governor at the same time that Governor Herrick was defeated. Voters of Ohio will remember that the liquor interests supported Herrick and Harris in the campaign of 1905. There was no county local option issue in that campaign. The subject was not referred to by any party in its platform nor by the speakers of any party on the stump. The anti-saloon league opposed Herrick because of his attitude toward the Brannock bill, and naturally the liquor interests lined up behind Herrick, Harris and the entire Republican ticket.

Did Andrew L. Harris go about the state in that campaign, urging the people to vote for Pattison and against Herrick? Nay, verily; knowing that the liquor interests were supporting Governor Herrick as well as himself, he went about the state urging the people to vote for Governor Herrick. In a speech at Sidney that year, while Harris and Herrick addressed a political meeting, Harris said: "I AM MORE CONCERNED ABOUT HERRICK'S ELECTION THAN MY OWN."

After the election, when it was found that Herrick was defeated and that Harris and all other Republican candidates on the state ticket were elected, Harris said to a group of his fellow citizens at Eaton that it was a DISGRACE TO OHIO to defeat Governor Herrick.

Now this same Harris wants the voters, who voted against Herrick and elected Pattison in 1905, to vote for him in 1908.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation. It is the whole system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (25 cents per box) correct the liver, tone the stomach, cure constipation.

### HOME COMING

And Unveiling of Soldiers' Monument Will Occur at Kirtsville Next Saturday.

General W. R. Warnock, Colonel W. L. Curry and Captain J. W. Kirtsville will make addresses at the unveiling of a soldiers' monument, which is the unveiling of the same day will be a home-coming. The home-coming exercises will be held in the street at 10 a. m., with an address by Prof. Williams of Granville. The unveiling exercises will take place at 2 p. m.

The cannon on top of the monument were in service during the civil war and were secured through the efforts of Senator Foraker.

"STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER." STEPHAN'S DEPT. STORE.

### HEALTHFUL SLEEP FOR CHILDREN

and Unbroken Rest for Mothers

RESULT FROM THE USE OF THE

### DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENTS

For Children from less than one year up to ten years of age.

The Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. The feet are a part of the garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw strings. This complete protection prevents colds and the more serious sicknesses that result from exposure, such as croup, etc.

Dr. Denton Garments are made from a special

ELASTIC, KNIT, MERINO FABRIC, devised to provide the most healthful sleeping conditions. The knit fabric carries off the perspiration and maintains even warmth even if bed coverings are thrown off.

SOFT AND DURABLE DO NOT SHRINK

Protect your children's health by using these hygienic night clothes. Endorsed by the highest medical authorities. Ask to see them at our underwear department.

East Side Sq. Meyer & Lindorf Newark Ohio

### OVER 7,000 WILL BE ENTITLED TO VOTE AT ELECTION

Great Gain Over Four Years Ago Is Made in Registration—Shows the Growth of Newark.

When the polls at the registration booths in Newark closed Saturday night it was known that the heaviest registration ever had in Newark had been made. For the first two days of registration in Newark 5,106 voters had registered, and when the final count was made Saturday night, which included both the last registration days, Friday and Saturday, it was found that over 7,000 voters had their names placed in the registration books. The total vote registered in Newark four years ago was 6,141. The total registration is as follows:

First ward—A	355
First ward—B	185
First ward—C	308
First ward—D	255
First ward—E	301
Second ward—A	206
Second ward—B	219
Second ward—C	402
Second ward—D	249
Second ward—E	319
Second ward—F	21
Third ward—A	441
Third ward—B	277
Third ward—C	331
Third ward—D	412
Third ward—E	379
Fourth ward—A	365
Fourth ward—B	405
Fourth ward—C	465
Fourth ward—D	425
Fourth ward—E	255

Total city 7,003  
Taking 4 and 4.9 per cent as the figures on which to base the population, this would show that Newark has 31,120 inhabitants. In most cases cities figure on a basis of 5 per cent in calculating the population.

### Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groin and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Price 50 cents. Sold by R. W. Smith, Newark.

### "STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER." STEPHAN'S DEPT. STORE.

The best \$2 and \$3 men's hats at Hermann's, the Clothier. 17-2t  
Knox and Hawes hats at Hermann's the Clothier. 17-2t

### NOTICE.

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mrs. Emma Jones, after this date. Harvey Jones.  
Oct. 19, 1908. 15d31x

### A GREAT TRAVELER.

Said the Man in the Moon. "My shining face, is known to all of the human race; I travel far and in every land—I see strange things, as you'll understand. One thing I've learned as around I go. 'Tis something that everyone seems to know. 'Tis this: that Aurora Paints are best, and prove their worth under every test." Aurora Mixed Paint is an honest lead and oil paint. Manufactured by The Marietta Paint and Color Co., Marietta, Ohio. Sold by Newark Paint Co., 31 West Church street.

### WINDOWS FITTED UP FREE

for the merchant who could pick out the windows on the Square, that were lighted with Tungsten lamps, did not bring any replies.

The windows in question were the east window of the RUTLEDGE BROS. and the east window of the NEW YORK CLOTHING CO.

RUTLEDGE BROS' window, at a 10-cent rate, cost 3 cents per hour against 8 8-10 cents per hour on the west window using 4-candle power lamps.

NEW YORK CLOTHING CO. has an expense in east window of 1 cent against 4 4-10 cents in west window.

The TUNGSTEN does not make a flood of light, but does illuminate your windows and store with a PURE WHITE LIGHT.

Think this over and call us on either phone 237.

### The Licking Light & Power Co.

J. I. Matthias, Manager.  
72 East Main St.

### "See Yourself as Others See You"



The new modes in gowns demand a well corseted figure. The lines of the new habit back corsets are refined and graceful in design, and they reduce the hips, raise and support the abdomen and reduce the waist measure without discomfort. Boned throughout with rust-proof double steels, reinforced front clasp and stainless eyelets.

They are made in a large range of prices

Front Lacers, \$3.50 and \$8.00  
Other Models, \$1.00 and up

Miss Bowman has just returned from a Chicago School of Corsetmaking, where she learned all the new ideas about corsets, and is prepared to do expert fitting. We will be pleased to give you the advantage of the new ideas and demonstrate the many superior points of "Gretchen's Corsets."

### LEVITT & BOWMAN

Read Advocate Want Column

### AMUSEMENTS

#### TONIGHT—"THE DEVIL"

The very much talked of and eagerly awaited production of Franz Molnar's famous play, "The Devil" (Der Teufel) will be seen at the Auditorium tonight. By special arrangement with Henry W. Savage, Mr. Alfred E. Aarons is enabled to present to us the piece exactly as produced at the Garden Theater, New York. "The Devil" is the most talked of dramatic production in America at the present time. The almost sensational interest excited in the Molnar play through the controversy over the moral and legal rights between Col. Savage and another New York manager, and the attendant circumstances under which both versions were presented for the first time on the same night at rival New York theaters, caused both theaters to be packed to suffocation, while hundreds were turned away from both play houses. Col. Savage, however, by the publication of a cablegram from the author, firmly established the fact that he only possessed the rights to the authorized version. Judging by the advance sale "The Devil" will play to a packed house tonight.

A London production is soon to be made of "The Man of the Hour" by Messrs. William A. Brady and Joseph Gysmer. This is the play to be seen next Wednesday matinee and night, in the Auditorium theater, where it will be acted by their special company. "The Man of the Hour" has been described as a play "essentially American," yet every Englishman who has seen it says it



KATHRYN OSTERMAN

In "The Night of the Play," at Auditorium on Thursday, October 22nd.

would create a veritable sensation if acted in London.

It will surely be a case of "crane over spilled milk" with those who miss Kathryn Osterman's performance of "The Night of the Play," at the Auditorium Thursday, Oct. 22. When they hear their friends and neighbors go into raptures about its superb qualities and almost unapproachable work of the clever star they will surely say, "Why didn't I go?" The company supporting Miss Osterman is without a flaw and the story of the play is presented in such a way as to keep the audience convulsed with merriment almost constantly.

### INFORMATION

Handed Out By Traveler Who Did Not Know That Auditor Was Campaign Manager.

Bryan talk is the popular subject in hotel lobbies of late, and judging from what the hotel "regulars" hear, the biggest commercial traveler vote in years will be that polled next month for William J. Bryan. And that the Republican candidate is cognizant of this fact, by this time seems evident from the following incident related by L. M. Barnett, a commercial traveler from Chicago who stopped at the Warden Hotel last night.

"Thursday morning we were coming out of Warden and another man who was sitting opposite me in the smoker, engaged me in conversation. A Mr. Taft had spoken in Wheeling

the night before, our talk naturally turned on politics.

"I have always voted the Republican ticket, but this year I'm going to vote for Bryan. I'm getting tired of this imperialistic tendency and don't intend to lend my little vote toward electing Taft, to be followed by Teddy, to be followed by Duke Nicholas of Cincinnati. In the course of our argument I said so, too.

"I had noticed two portly gentlemen sitting in front and evidently much interested in our argument, but I didn't feel carious until, at hearing my remark about imperialism, one of the men arose and left the coach, laughingly observing, 'Men, I feel like a spy in this camp. Guess I'll go and eat.' After he had left us his companion, who proved to be a newspaper man, said, 'Don't you know who that was?' We both admitted that we didn't. 'Well,' said he, 'that was A. I. Vorys, Mr. Taft's campaign manager.'"

"The joke was a cord one on both sides and we had a hearty laugh about it. But Mr. Vorys didn't come back."

A Positive Cure for Dandruff. ZEMO stops itching instantly and will cure any case of dandruff or itching scalp. ZEMO destroys the dandruff germ and prevents falling hair. It will save the hair a rich glossy color and leave the scalp clean and healthy.

For sale everywhere. Write for sample, E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis. For sale by Evans Drug Store.

### YOUR MONEY IS SAFE

Only when it is safely invested. Burglars can annoy you; bad loans may cripple you; speculation may ruin you.

### The Newark Trust Co.

Is safe because it is governed on a conservative basis. It holds your money where you can get it quickly, and without danger of loss.

### 4 Per Cent Interest Paid

On savings accounts and certificates of deposits.

### Capital and Surplus

\$300,000.00